THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

-AUTHOR OF-

"MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAG-DALEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

The tick-tick of the clock on the mantelpiece steadily registered the progress of time, and Winterfield's fantastic attions were still lavished on his dog. Even Father Benwell's patience was sorely tried when the good country gentleman proceeded to mention not only the spaniel's name, but the occasion which had suggested it.

"We call him Traveler, and I will tell you why. When he was only a puppy he strayed into the garden at Beaupark, so weary and footsore that we concluded that he had come to us from a distance. We advertised him, but he was never claimed-and here he is! If you don't object, we will give

Perfectly understanding these words and actually forwarded the views of Father Benwell in less than a minute more. Scampering round and round the room, as an appropriate expression of happiness, he came into collision with the side-table, and directed Winscattering them on the floor,

Father Benwell rose politely to assist spondence. But Traveler was before- is my experience, arawn from recollechand with him. Warning the priest, with a low growl, not to interfere with another person's business, the dog picked up the letters in his mouth, and carried them by installments to his master's feet. Even then the exasperating durance reached its limits.

me," he said. "I will lock at the that Romayne might enlighten me. newspaper while you read your letters." letters together, tossed them on the you,' I said. dining-table at his side, and took the

uppermost one of the little heap. Fate was certainly against the priest or that evening. The first letter that at the two ladies in the grounds. Wr. rfield opened led him off to anothe ubject of conversation before he had read it to the end. Father Benwell's hand, already in his coat pocket,

appeared again-empty. "Here's a proposal to me to go into parliament," said the squire. "What do you think of representative institutions, Father Benwell? To my mind representative institutions are on their last legs. They vote away more of our money every year. They sit helpless,

while half a dozen impudent idiots stop the progress of legislation from motives of the meanest kind. And they are not even sensitive enough to the national honor to pass a social law among themselves which makes it as disgraceful in a gentleman to buy a seat by bribery as to cheat at cards. I declare I think the card-sharper the least degraded person of the two. He doesn't encourage his inferiors to be false to a public trust. In short, my dear sir, everything wears out in this world-and why should the house of commons be an exception to

He picked up the next letter from the heap. As he looked at the address his face changed. The smile left his lips, the gavety died out of his eyes. Traveler, entreating for more notice with impatient forepaws applied to his master's knees, saw the alteration, and dropped into a respectfully-recumbent position. Father Benwell glanced sidelong off the columns of the newspaper, and waited for events with all the discretion and

none of the good faith of the dog. "Forwarded from Beaupark?" Winterfield said to himself. He opened the letter, read it carefully to the end, thought over it, and read it again. "Father Benwell!" he said, sud

For a few moments more nothing was audible but the steady tick-tick of the

our association has been a pleasant one:

and I think I owe to you the duty of a Father Benwell bowed in silence.

"You are mentioned." Winterfield proceeded, "in the letter which I have

"Are you at liberty to tell me the name of your correspondent?" Father

I think it due to you, and to myself, to | tears. In low, broken tones, he said to tell you what the substance of the let- the priest: ter is. The writer warns me to be careful in my intercourse with you. Your distressing news. I entreat your pardon object (I am told) is to make yourself | if I ask to be left alone." acquainted with events in my past life, and you have some motive which my words of sympathy, and immediately correspondent has thus far failed to withdrew. The dog licked his master's

you to understand that I also speak im- | of the chair. partially. I condemn no man unheard, Later in the evening a note from least of all a man whom I have had the | Winterfield was left by messenger at honor of receiving under my own roof." | the priest's lodgings. The writer an-He spoke with a certain simple dignity. With equal dignity Father Ben- regret that he would be again absent well answered. It is needless to say from London on the next day, but that

'hat he knew Winterfield's correspond- he hoped to return to the hotel and ent to be Romayne's wife. "Let me sincerely thank you, Mr. day after.

Winterfield, for a candor which does honor to us both," he said. "You can | that Winterfield's destination was the scarcely expect me-if I may use such | town in which his wife had died. an expression-to condescend to justify

true to the trust reposed in him."

leave the room if his honor was profaned by the slightest expression of distrust. Winterfield's genial and un- for many a year afterward, and then suspicious nature instantly accepted with a heart relieved he went back to the offered proof as conclusive.

"Before I break the seal," he said, hurting your feelings. No man ought | rector, "at such a time as this." to know better than I do how often people misjudge and wrong each other." They shook hands cordially. No moral relief is more eagerly sought

than relief from the pressure of a serious explanation. By common consent they now spoke as lightly as if nothing had happened. Father Benwell set the

"You actually believe in a priest!" he said, gayly. "We shall make a good Catholic of you yet."

"Don't be too sure of that," Winter-

field replied. "I respect the men who have given to humanity the inestimable blessing of quinine-to say nothing of Mrs. Evrecourt (now convalescent) was staving at Ten Acres and was then taking the air in her chair on wheels. Traveler a treat to-day. He shall have | The good lady's nimble and discursive tongue offered me an opportunity of referring, in the most innocent manner the dog jumped off his master's lap, possible, to Winterfield's favorable opinion of Romayne's pictures. I need scarcely say that I looked at Romayne's wife when I mentioned the name. She turned pale, probably fearing that I had some knowledge of her letter warning Winterfield not to trust me. If she had terfield's attention to the letters by already been informed that he was not to be blamed, but to be pitied, in the matter of marriage at Brussels, she in picking up the prostrate corre- would have turned red. Such, at least,

> tions of other days. "The ladies having served my purpose, I ventured into the house to pay my respects to Romayne.

"He was in the study, and his excellent friend and secretary was with him. Winterfield went no further than pat. After the first greetings, Penrose left ting Traveler. Father Benwell's en- us. His manner told me plainly that there was something wrong. I asked "Pray don't stand on ceremony with no questions-waiting on the chance

"'I hope you are in better spirits now Winterfield carelessly gathered the that you have your old companion with

"'I am very glad to have Penrose with me,' he answered. And then he frowned and looked out of the window

"It occurred to me that Mrs. Eyrecourt might be occupying the customary false position of a mother-in-law. I was mistaken. He was not thinking of his wife's mother-he was thinking

"I suppose you know that Penrose had an idea of converting me? he said. "I was perfectly candid with him. I

said I knew of it, and approved of it. "'May I hope that Arthur has succeeded in convincing you?' I ventured to add.

"'He might have succeeded, Father Benwell, if he had chosen to go on.'

"'Are you really so obdurate that Arthur despairs of your conversion?'

"Nothing of the sort! I have thought and thought of it, and I can tell you I was more than ready to meet him half able to work of that exacting kind. Even

exclaimed. "He pointed through the window to his wife.

a tone of ironclad resignation. "Knowing Arthur's character as I knew it, I at last understood what had Penrose alone for a moment, and, this happened. For a moment I felt really request granted, Romayne and I parted angry. Under these circumstances the cordially. I can make most people wise course was to say nothing until I like me when I choose to try. The could be sure of speaking with exem- master of Vange Abby is no exception plary moderation. It doesn't do for a man in my position to show anger.

"Romavne went on. well, the last time you were here. You only knew, then, that her reception of Mr. Winterfield had determined him never to enter my house again. By formality, I took his arm and led him to way of adding to your information on the subject of "petticoat government." I may now tell you that Mrs. Romayne has forbidden Penrose to proceed with quainted," Winterfield resumed. "But he attempt to convert me. By common preserving learning and civilization- have qualities, dear Arthur, which perbut I respect still more my own liberty

as a free Christian." They both laughed. Father Benwell went back to his newspaper. Winterfield broke the seal of the envelope and

took out the inclosures. The confession was the first of the papers at which he happened to look. At the opening lines he turned pale. "I am not at liberty to do that. But He read more, and his eyes filled ith

"You have innocently brought me

Father Benwell said a few chosen discover. I speak plainly, but I beg | hand, hanging listlessly over the arm

nounced with renewed expression of receive his guest on the evening of the

Father Benwell rightly conjectured

His object in taking the journey was myself against an accusation which is not, as the priest supposed, to address an anonymous accusation so far as I am | inquiries to the rector and the landlady. concerned. I prefer to meet the letter | who had been present at the fatal illby a plain proof and I leave you to ness and the death, but to justify his judge whether I am still worthy of the wife's last expression of belief in the friendship to which you have so kindly mercy and compassion of the man whom letter to Romayne on the departure of perience of him Penrose answered she had injured. On that "nameless | Penrose; and I shall send him a book evasively. With this preface he briefly relad grave," so sadly and so humbly referred the circumstances under which he had to in the confession, he had resolved to expect gratifying results. It is not a jous," he said, "when I hear you talk become possessed of the packet, and place a simple stone cross, giving to her controversial work (Arthur has been as you are talking now? The poor then handed it to Winterfield, with the memory the name which she had shrunk beforehand with me there), it is Wise- French boy died of a fever. Must I

"Decide for yourself," he concluded, he had written the brief inscription which whether a man bent on prying into recorded the death of "Emma, wife of your private affairs, with that letter en- Bernard Winterfield." and when he had | vivid descriptions of the splendors of tirely at his mercy, would have been knelt for a while by the low turf mound, his errand had come to its end. He He rose and took his hat, ready to thanked the good rector; he left gifts with the landlady and her children, by which he was gratefully remembered

"let me do you justice. Sit down sad little pilgrimage alone. Winter- silent until my audacity is justified by again, Father Benwell, and forgive me | field took his dog with him. "I must if my souse of duty has hurried me into | have something to love," he said to the

CHAPTER IV .- FATHER BENWELL'S CORRE

SPONDENCE. To the Secretary, S. J., Rome.

"When I wrote last I scarcely thought I should trouble you again so soon. The necessity has, however, arisen. I must ask for instructions from our most reverend general on the sub-

ject of Arthur Penrose. "I believe I informed von that I decided to defer my proposed visit to Ten Acres Lodge for two or three days, in order that Winterfield (if he intended to do so) might have time to communicate with Mrs. Romayne after his return from the country. Naturally enough, perhaps, considering the della cacy of the subject, he has not taken me into his confidence. I can only guess that he has maintained the same reserve with Mrs. Romavne

"My visit to the Lodge was duly paid

"I asked first, of course, for the lady of the house, and hearing she was in the grounds, joined her there. She looked ill and anxious, and she received me with rigid politeness. Fortunately, consent the subject is never mentioned between us.' The bitter irony of his tone thus far suddenly disappeared. He spoke eagerly and anxiously. 'I hope you are not angry with Arthur!' he

temper was at an end. I answeredand it was really in a certain sense true-'I know Arthur too well to be angry

"Romayne seemed to be relieved. 'I speak your indulgence for Penrose. I am getting learned in the hiearchy of the church, Father Benwell! You are the superior of my dear little friend, and you exercise authority over him. Oh, he is the kindest and best of men! It is not his fault. He submits to Mrs. Romavne-against his own better conviction-in the honest belief that he con-

sults the interests of our married life.' "I don't think I misinterpreted the state of Romayne's mind and mislead you, when I express my belief that this second indiscreet interference of his wife between his friend and himself will produce the very result which she dreads. Mark my words, written after the closest observation of him, this new irritation of Romayne's sensitive self-

respect will hasten his conversion. "You will understand that the one alternative before me, after what has happened, is to fill the place from which Penrose has withdrawn. But nothing can "This reply, as you may easily im- be done until the visit of Penrose has come to an end. Romayne's secret sense of irritation may be safely left to

develop itself, with time to help it. "So I changed the conversation to the subject of his literary labors. The present state of his mind is not favorwith the help of Penrose to encourage him, he does not get on to his satisfac. tion; and yet, as I could plainly perceive, the ambition to make a name in the world exercises a stronger influence over him than ever. All in our favor,

my reverend friend-all in our favor! "I took the liberty of asking to see to the rule. Did I tell you, by-the-bye, that the property has a little declined of late in value? It is now not more than six thousand a year. We will improve it when it returns to the church. "My interview with Penrose was over

in two minutes. Dispensing with all the front garden. "'I have heard all about it,' I said. and I must not deny that you have dis-

appointed me. But I know your disposition, and I make allowances. You haps put you a little out of place among us. I shall be obliged to report what you have done, but you may trust me to put it favorable. Shake hands, my son, and while we are together, let us be as good friends as ever.' "You may think that I spoke in this

way with a view to my indulgent language being repeated to Romayne, and so improving the position which I have already gained in his estimation. Do you know I really believe I meant it at the time! The poor fellow gratefully kissed my hand when I offered it to him; he was really not able to speak. I almost fancy I am weak about Arthur! Say a kind word for him when his conduct comes under notice, but pray don't mention this little frailty of mine, and he left Vange Abbey. don't suppose I have any sympathy with his weak-minded submission to Mrs. Romayne's prejudice. If I ever felt the cannot call to mind any amiable emo tion of that sort), her letter to Winter field would have effect ally extinguished it. There is something quite revolting to me in a deceitful woman.

conversion of Romayne no longer exists. never been disproved." He stopped, habits, I am now resigned to hearing changed his tone. "Arthur! what is and confuting the trivial arguments of a the matter with you? Have you had a man who is young enough to be my bad night? Has anything happened?" son. I shall write a carefully guar ad For the first time in Romayne's exto read, from the influence of which I "Is there nothing to make me anxfrom profaning in her lifetime. When man's 'Recollections of the Popes.' I remind you again that he owed the hap-

to excite Romayne's imagination by good wife?" the church, and the vast influence and power of the higher priesthood. Does this sudden enthusiasm of mine sur-

a loss to know what it means! "It means, my friends, that I see our position toward Romayne in an entirely new light. Forgive me if I say no more for the present. I prefer to be

CHAPTER V. -BERNARD WINTERFIELD'S COR-RESPONDENCE.

From Mrs. Romayne to Mr. Winterfield. "Has my letter failed to reach von? I directed it (as I direct this) to Beaupark, not knowing your London ad-

mother and myself, and he contrived to his usual adroitness, and I might perbe only my fancy, but I thought I saw having me in his power, and that he might betray me to my husband at any

And heaven knows I have little reason to trust you. But I thought you meant fairly by me when we spoke together at this house. In that belief, I entreat you to tell me if Father Benwell has intruded into your confidence, or even if you have hinted anything to him which gives him a hold over me."

From Mr. Winterfield to Mrs. Romayne.

"Both your letters have reached me. "I have good reason for believing that you are entirely mistaken in your estimate of Father Benwell's character. But I know, by sad experience, how you hold your opinions when they are once formed, and I am eager to relieve you of all anxiety, so far as I am con cerned. I have not said one word-I have not even let slip the slightest hint -which could inform Father Benwell your letter alludes. Your secret is a sacred secret to me, and it has been and

shall be sacredly kept. "There is a sentence in your letter which has given me great pain. You reiterate the cruel language of by-gone days. You say 'Heaven knows I have

little reason to trust you.' "I have reasons on my own side for not justifying myself, except under certain conditions. If you are ever in position of trouble or peril-and God forbid it ever should be so-which you might blamelessly confide to a devoted friend or brother, I undertake, in that case, to prove even to you that it was a cruel injustice ever to have doubted me, and there is no man living whom you can more implicitly trust than myself. "My address, when I am in London, is at the head of this page."

From Dr. Wybrow to Mr. Winterfield. "DEAR SIR -- I have received your letter, mentioning that you want to accompany me at my n xt visit to the asylum, to see the French boy, so strangely associated with the letter de-

livered to you by Father Benwell. "Your proposal reaches me too late. The poor creature's troubled life has come to an end. He never rallied from the exhausting effect of the fever. To the last he was attended by his mother. I write with true sympathy for that excellent lady, but I do not conceal from you or from myself that his death is not to be regretted. In a case of the same extraordinary kind, recorded in print, the patient recovered from the ever, and his insanity returned with his returning health.

"Faithfully yours, "JOSEPH WYBROW."

CHAPTER VI. -THE SADDEST OF ALL WORDS. On the tenth morning, dating from the dispatch of Father Benwell's last letter to Rome, Penrose was writing in the study at Ten Acres Lodge-while Romayne sat at the other end of the room looking listlessly at a blank sheet of paper, with the pen lying idle beside it. On a sudden he rose, and snatching up paper and pen threw them irritably

"Don't trouble yourself to write any onger," he said to Penrose. "My dream is over. Throw my manuscripts

speak to me of literary work again." "Every man devoted to literature has these fits of despondency," Penrose added. "Don't think of your work. Send for your horse, and trust to fresh air and exercise to relieve your mind." Romavne barely listened. He turned round at the fireplace and studied the reflection of his face in the glass.

"I look worse and worse," he said, thoughtfully, to himself. It was true. His fleth had fallen away; his face had withered and whitened; he stooped like an old man. | their lives." The change for the worse had been steadily proceeding from the time when

"It's useless to conceal it from me!" he burst out, turning toward Penrosc. "I am in some way answerable—thoug smallest consideration for her (and I you all deny it—for the French boy's death. Why not? His voice is still in my ears-and the stain of his brother's blood is on me. I am under a spell! Do you believe in the witches-the merciless old women who made wax im-"In closing this letter, I may quiet and stuck pins in their mock likenesses, the minds of our reverend brethren if 1 to register the slow wasting away of assure them that my former objection | their victims day after day? People to associating myself directly with the disbelieve it in these times; but it has "Yes, even at my age and with my looked at Penrose, and suddenly

look to that essentially readable book piest days of his life to you and your In Father Benwell's position it might Father Benwell everywhere else, an !- ! Romayne still looked at him without attending to what he said. "Surely you don't think I am deceiving you?" Penrose remonstrated.

"No; I was thinking of something else. I was wondering whether I really know you as well as I thought I did. Am I mistaken in supposing you are not an ambitious man?"

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1882.

worthy life, and to be useful to my fellow-creatures as I can. Does that satisfy you?" Romayne hesitated.

"It seems strange-" he began. "What seems strange?" "I don't say it seems strange that you should be a priest," Romayne explained. "I am only surprised that a man of your simple way of thinking should have attached himself to the

Order of the Jesuits." "I can quite understand that," said Ten Acres Lodge. He first saw my Penrose. "But you should be member that circumstances often influence a mention your name. It was done with | man in his choice of a vocation. It has haps have passed it over, if he had not lege was near our place of abode, and a looked at me. I hope and pray it may near relative of mine-since dead-was one of the resident priests." He paused, in his eyes that he was conscious of and added, in a lower tone: "When I disappointment which altered my character for life. I took refuge in the college, and I have found patience and peace of mind since that time. Oh, my friend, you might have been a more contented man-" He stopped again. His interest in the husband had all but

> ise to the wife. Romayne held out his hand. "I hope I have not thoughtlessly

hurt you," he said. Penrose took the offered hand, and pressed it fervently. He tried to speak, and suddenly shuddered, like a man in pain.

"I am not very well this morning," he stammered; "a turn in the garden will do me good."

Romayne's doubts were confirmed by the manner in which Penrose left him. Semething had unquestionably happened, which his friend shrank from communicating to hir. He sat down again to his desk and tried to read. alone. When the door at last opened, it was only Stella who entered the

The estrangement between them had been steadily widening of late. Romayne had expressed his resentment at his wife's interference between Penrose and himself, by that air of contemptuons endurance which is the hardest penalty that a man can inflict on the woman who loves him. Stella had submitted with a proud and silent resignation-the most unfortunate form of protest that she could have adopted toward a man of Romayne's temper. When she now appeared, however, in her husband's study, there was a change in her expression which he instantly noticed. She looked at him with eyes softened by sorrow. Before she could answer his first question he hurriedly added an-

other. "Is Penrose really ill?" "No. Lewis. He is distressed." " About what?"

"About you and about himself. "Is he going to leave us?"

"But he will come back again?" Stella took a chair by her husband's "I am truly sorry for you, Lewis," she said. "It is even a sad parting for me, If you will let me say it. I have a sincere legard for dear Mr.

Under other circumstances this confession of feeling for a man who had sacrificed his dearest aspiration to the one consideration of her happiness might have provoked a sharp reply. But by this time Romayne had really become slarmed. "You speak as if Arthur was going to leave England," he

"He leaves England this afternoon," she answered, "for Rome." "Why does he tell this to you and

not to me?" Romayne asked. it to you. He begged me to prepare

Her courage failed her. She paused Romayne beat his hand impatiently on the desk before him. "Speak out!" ha cried. "If Rome is not the end of his

Stella hesitated no longer. "He goes to Rome," she said, "to receive his instructions, and to become personally acquainted with the missioninto the waste-paper basket, and never aries whe are associated with him. They will leave Leghorn in the next vassel which sets sail for a port in Central America. And the dangerous duty intrusted to them is to re-establish one of the Jesuit missions destroyed by the savages years since. They will find their church a ruin and not a vestige left of the house once inhabited by the telligence, Father Benwell penetrated pened. Mrs. Egrecourt proceeded to defense. murdered priests. It is not concealed from them that they may be martyred too. They are soldiers of the cross; and they go-willingly go-to save the souls of the Indians at the peril of and offered to get a footstool.

> Romayne rose and advanced to the door. There he turned and spoke to | But wasn't it just a little malicious to

"Where is Arthur?" he said. Stella gently detained him.

treated me to say-pray wait and hear | priest! it," she pleaded. "His one grief is at leaving you. Apart from that he de- Eyrecourt. "How easily you see votes himself gladly to the dreadful through a simple woman like me! service which claims him. He has long There-I give you my hand to kiss; we looked for and to it, and has long pre- will make it up as the children say. Do pared himself for it. Those, Lewis, are von know. Father Benwell, a most exhis own words."

There was a knock at the door. The servant appeared to announce that the carriage was waiting. Penrose entered the room as the man

"Have you spoken for me?" he said to Stella. She could only answer him by a gesture. He turned to Romayne with a

spoken," he said. "Farewell." "Is this Father Benwell's doing?" he

"No!" Penrose answered firmly

ness to me. For the first time since I Lodge. have known him, he has shrunk from a Father Berwell lifed his persuasive responsibility. For my sake he has left it to Rome. And Rome has spoken. lady! pray make your mind easy. Not

His voice failed him. With a resolu- selftion that was nothing less than heroic in a man of his affectionate nature he "My only ambition is to lead recovered his composure.

> tunity we will write to each other. And, were about to say-" who knows?-I may yet come back to vou. God has preserved his servants in | cour , that you are alarming yourself counter. May that merciful God bless on any controversial subject has and protect you. Oh, Romayne, what passed-" happy days we have had together!" His last powers of resistance were worn the artless vivacity of a bird. "Ah, out. Tears of noble sorrow dimmed but it might, though!" she suggested, the friendly eyes which had never looked | slyly. unkindly on the brother of his love. He kissed Romayne. "Help me out!" he said, turning blindly toward the hall | bis temper. in which the servant was waiting. That last act of mercy was not left to a servant. With sisterly tenderness Stella took his hand and ied him away. "I shall remember you gratefully as long I am not to be put down by any illas I live," she said to him when the timed exhibition of what I may call do-

She returned to the study. The relief of tears had come to Rodeceived him into forgetting his promdays of their estrangement were forgot- oninion on controversial subjects." looked at him. She knelt by his side, and lifted his head a little and laid it on her bosom. Her heart was full-she

the study fireside in which Penrose had | beard, and I don't curse my daughter | me," said Romayne, "so soon after re- and I have struggled with hysterics ceiving my acknowledgment of your just as he did. With your wonderful ietter. I can't tell you how I was insight into human nature, I am sure touched by the manner in which you you will sympathize and forgive me. wrote of Penrose. To my shame, I con- Mr. Penrose, as my daughter tells me, fess it, I had no idea that you were so behaved in the most gentlemanlike warmly attached to him."

"I scarcely knew it myself, Mr. Romayne, until our dear Arthur was taken away from us." "If you used your influence, Father

Benwell, is their no hope that you might yet persuade him -" "To withdraw from the mission? Oh, Mr. Romayne, don't you know Arthur's character better than that? Even his gentle temper has its resolute side. The zeal of the first martyrs to Christianity is the zeal that burns in that | the society of ladies in the refuge of a | door for Father Benwell was agreeably noble nature. The mission has been the dream of his life; it is endeared to him by the very dangers which we dread. Persuade Arthur to desert the dear and persuade that statue in the garden to

sent you with my letter?" Remayne took up the book from his well. I have not offended you, I hope desk. Before he could speak of it and trust?" some one called out briskly, on the robed for the morning, wafting perfumes | guard now." as she moved, appeared in the study.

were here, Father Benwell. I ask ten well come to an end. Please don't forthousand pardons. Dear and admirable | get 5 o'clock tea at my house." Romayne, you don't look as if you were As she approached the door it was wen of imaginative temperament, with-

am not interrupting a confession, daughter met her half-way. Father Benwell (with his paternal chile in perfect order) resigned his chair to Mrs. Evrecourt. The traces of her illness still showed themselves in an her hands. She had entered the room, strongly suspecting that the process of interrupt it. Guided by his subtle in- vague forewarning of what had hap- ture to add another word in my own her motive as soon as she opened the enlighten her as an appropriate expresdoor. Mrs. Evrecourt bowed graciously sion of gratitude. "We are indeed inand took the offered chair. Father debted to Father Benwell, my dear. has elapsed. I write with humility. At Benwell sweetened his paternal smile,

"How glad I am," he said, you in your customary good spirits! talk of interrupting a confession? As if Mr. Romayne was one of us! Queen

"You clever creature!" said Mrs. traordinary wish has suddenly come to me. Please don't be offended. I wish you were a Jew."

"May I ask why?" Father Benwell inquired. Mrs. Evrecourt explained herself with on your part." the modest self-distrust of a maiden of "I should think not!" Mrs. Eyre-

the peculiarity of the Jews-may I say Penrose? You trusted Mr. Penrose as indignantly, "Sisters, indeed!" "The saddest of all words must be the amiable peculiarity?-never to your friend. I can tell you this-I am Pale and trembling, Romayne took his make converts. It would be so nice if quite sure you may trust Father Ben you would take a leaf out of their book | well."

have been his doing, but for his good- sav, the patriarch Abraham at Ten Acres

hands in courteous protest. "My dear "Oh, my more than friend, my brother one word on the subject of religion has

"I beg your pardon," Mrs. Eyrecourt interrupted; "I am afraid I fail to follow you. My silent son-in-law looks as "Let us make it as little miserable as | if he longed to smother me, and my at it can be," he said. "At every opportention is naturally distracted. You "I was about to say, dear Mrs. Eyre-

dangers as great as any that I shall en- without any reason. Not one word Mrs. Evrecourt cocked her head with

> Father Benwell once more remonstrated in dumb show, and Romayne lost | self.

"Mrs. Evrecourt!" he cried, sternly. Mrs. Eyrecourt screamed and lifted

"I am not deaf, dear Romayne-and his hand at the window, and she saw you an example of Christian moderation Do, please, follow it."

Romayne refused to follow it. "Talk on any other topic that you mayne. He had dropped into a chair like. Mrs. Eyrecourt. I request youwhen Penrose left him. In stony don't oblige me to use a harder word-I silence he sat there, his head down, his request you to spare Father Benwell and eyes dry and staring. The miserable myself any further expression of your yourself."

a mother-in-law may decline to comply. | demonstrations. Mrs. Evrecourt declined to comply.

"No, Romayne, it won't do. I may let the caress plead for her silently. He lament your unhappy temper, for my felt it; his cold fingers pressed her hand | daughter's sake-but I know what I am thankfully; but he said nothing. After about, and you can't provoke me. Our any day that you may appoint—the a long interval the first outward ex- reverend friend and I understand each | earlier day the better. Come, come! pression of sorrow that fell from his other. He will make allowances for a let us laugh. I don't say it disrespectlips showed that he was still thinking sensitive woman, who has had sad ex- fully, but poor dear Mrs. Eyrecourt has "Every blessing falls away from household. My eldest daughter, Fath, pect to see our excellent archbishop tome," he said. "I have lost my best Benwell-a poor, foolish creature-was morrow, and I must really tell him how those words, and the tone in which he pretty; my dear husband quite adored her. There is scarcely anything more recently attracting the attention of the After a lapse of a few days Father lips pursed up, and her eyes on the How I wish you had my sense of humor! by the sun. Benwell was again a visitor at Ten ground, and she was insolent enough to When shall I come again and tell you Acres Lodge-by Romayne's invitation. say that she would pray for me. I am how the archbishop likes the story of The priest occupied the very chair by not a furious old man with a long white the nun's mother? een accustomed to sit.

and rush out into a th under-storm afterward, but I know what King Lear felt,

"It is really kind of you to come to ward, but I know what King Lear felt,

fully still book borrows to be grows thinner and thinner. From this manner. I make the same appeal to

> your kind forbearance. The bare prospect of our dear friend here becoming a Catholic-"

Remayne's temper gave way once "If anything can make me a Cath olic," he said, "your interference will

became a Catholic, I might escape from

monastery." Mrs. Eyrecourt hit him back again. with the readiest dexterity. "Remain a Protestant, my dear, and "Gave me half a crown, and went out devoted colleagues who have opened go to your club. There is a refuge for humming a tune." their arms to him? I might as soon you from the ladies-a monastery, with nice little dinners and all the newspadesert its pedestal and join us in this pers and periodicals." Having launched CHAPTER VIII.—FATHER BENWELL'S CORRE room. Shall we change the sad subject? this shaft, she got up, and recovered her Have you received the book which I easy courtesy of look and manner. "I To the Secretary, S. J., Rome. am so much obliged to you, Father Ben-

"You have done me a service, dear your letter, mentioning that our reverother side of the door: "May I come Mrs. Eyrecourt. But for your salutary end fathers are discouraged at not havin?" and came in without waiting to be caution, I might have drifted into coning heard from me for more than six asked. Mrs. Eyrecourt, painted and troversial subjects. I shall be on my weeks.

"How very good of you! We shall "He cannot trust himself to speak of | She looked at the priest, and lifted her | meet again, I hope, under more agreemany-ringed hands with a gesture of able circumstances. After that polite idea of obtaining the restoration of the allusion to a monastery, I understand Vange property to the church. Let "Oh, dear me? I had no idea you that my visit to my son-in-law may as me humbly submit that the circum-

> "Why are you here, mamina?" Stella "Why, indeed, my love! You had Catholic faith? It may be objected

amiable Romayne's present idea is to Also, that he is now married, and may intermittent trembling of her head amp relieve himself of our society by retiring have an heir to his estate. Grant me to a monastery. Don't you see Father | a delay of another week-and I will un conversion might be proceeding in the Stella coldly returned the priest's bow jections. In the meantime, I bow to absence of Penrose, and determined to and looked at Romayne. She felt a superior wisdom; and I do not ven-

> He has been most considerate and the same time, I have something to say Romayne interrupted her without ceremony. "Favor me," he said, ad- Vange Abbey, was received into the comdressing his wife, "by inducing Mrs. | munity of the Holy Catholic Church. Eyrecourt to continue her narrative in I inclose an accurate newspaper report

Elizabeth herself could scarcely have Stella was scarcely conscious of what conversion. "There was one word more he en- said a sharper thing to a poor Catholic her mother or her husband had said. "Be pleased to inform in by teleher. Under the spell of those watchful eves she trembled inwardly; her customary tact deserted her; she made an indirect apology to the man whom she hated and feared.

> o you, Father Benwell, has been with. her daughter. He wished to say someont my knowledge."

fifteen. "I am really so ignorant I court added. "Really, Stella, I don't sir." Fogg went off in a hurry, calling scarcely know how to put it. But understand you. Why may I not say somebody or other a confounded fool,

when we have the happiness of receiving | Once more Romayne attempted to you here. My lively imagination pic- speak. And once more Father Beatures you in a double character. well was beforehand with him.

"May I hope," said the priest, with a finely ironical smile, "that Mrs. Romayne agrees with her excellent

mother?" erating influence of his tone and his look was more than Stella could enpassed between Mr. Romayne and my- dure. Before she could restrain them, the rash words flew out of her lips. "I am not sufficiently well ac-

> express an opinion." With that answer she took her mother's arm and left the room.

The moment they were alone, Romayne turned to the priest, trembling the following facts most clearly indi with anger. Father Benwell, smiling cate: indulgently at the lady's little outbreak took him by the hand, with peace-making intentions. "Now don't -pray don't excite yourself!"

Romayne was not to be pacified in that way. His anger was trebly intensified by the long continued strain on his nerves of the effort to control him-

"I must and will speak out at last!" he said. "Father Benwell, Shope you ne said. Fatner Benwell, I hope you by melting together copper and zinc in understand that nothing could have a crucible; in China, by suspending kept me silent so long but the duty of thin sheets of copper, heated almost to courtesy toward women, on which the ladies of my household have so inexcusably presumed. No words can say was little more than a lad I suffered a carriage door was closed. He waved mestic ferocity. Father Benwell sets how much ashamed I am of what has alent by mangling the ores of the happened. I can only appeal to your metals, and reducing them to produce admirable moderation and patience to the alloy. Spangles are made not by accept my apologies, and the most sin-

cere expression of my regret." "No more, Mr. Romayne! As a favor to me, I beg and entreat you will a block. The primitive mill used in say no more. Sit down and compose

But Romavne was impenetrable to A son-in-law may make a request, and the influence of friendly and forgiving nations, its wheel running continuously "I can never expect you to enter my

house again!" he exclaimed. "My dear sir, I will come and see you again with the greatest of pleasure on perience of conversions in her own been more amusing than ever. 1 exconverted into a nunnery. The last | the good lady felt insulted when her time I saw her (she used to be sweetly | Catholic daughter offered to pray for

her)-the last time I saw her, humorous; even in Moliere. And the United States and other countries, is she had a red nose, and, what double chin and the red nose-all the is even more revolting at her age, a fault of those dreadful Papists. Oh, double chin. She received me with her dear me, you still take it seriously. delay, break the shell in water warmed He held out his hand with irresisti-

"Let me first do myself the honor of calling on you," he said. "I am in no In Alpine regions there are more narstate to open my mind, as I might have

wished to open it to you, after what has happened. In a day or two more-" "Say the day after to morrow," Father Benwell hospitably suggested. your bit of mutton and some remarkably good claret, a present from one of the faithful. You will? That's hearty! And do promise me to think no more of

your mind. Look at 'Wiseman's Recollections of the Popes.' Good-bye-God The servant who opened the house-

"He isn't half a bad fellow," the man | chemical quality of the plasma. 2. The announced among his colleagunes.

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of

than sorry to hear that my venerated brethren regret having sanctioned the toiled property in the possession of a during the voyage was between 20 pleased to see me. Good gracious! I opened from the outer side. Her out any near relations to control him, is surely a property which might change hands, under the favoring circumstances of that man's conversion to the better leave the room with me. Our that the man is not yet converted. dertake to meet the first of those ob-

> "The week's grace granted to me for myself. "Yesterday, Mr. Lewis Romayne of

of the ceremonies which attended the canister open lanes through the ranks,

wish me to go or not. THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

"Whatever my mother may have said he was introduced to Mrs. Smith and thing neat and gallant. Addressing the daughter, said he: "Really, madam, I Romaine attempted to speak, but never should have suspected that that and shot a lieutenant there where the Father Benwell was too quick for him, lady was your daughter. I supposed, "Dear Mrs. Romayne, nothing has of course, that you were sisters; I did, been said which needs any disclaimer I assure you." "Thank you, Mr. Fogg," replied Miss Smith. "You were perfectly right in thinking that lady could

> strument itself is a Dutch invention, about the year 1605 by John Lofting.

Identity of terms applied to the necessaries of life, and similarity of the rude implements by which the simple operations of industry are performed. show that the art of craftsmen had reached a certain excellence before the European parted company with the natives of India. But by neither of these clews can any connection be traced between China and other lands. The language, even in its simplest roots, has quainted with you, Father Benwell, to no analogy; and the implements of industry have characteristic forms which show that in the earliest period of her existence China drew nothing from other peoples. What she required, she originated; she imitated nothing, as

flat, like the anvil of other countries,

but convex on its upper or working

surface; and the bellows of a Chinese

forge, instead of working vertically, has a horizontal stroke. The paper of the Chinese is thin and weak; it is printed on one side only, but doubled to present a folded edge at the rim of the leaf, and a printed surface on eitner side. The chain pump of China has a square barrel; but that of other countries is cylindrical. Brass is made eleewhere melting, in the vapor of molten zinc. by combining the materials in their metallic condition; the Chinese equivcutting or stamping from steel metal, but by flattening wire first bent into annular form. Pewter vessels are not cast, but are shaped by hammering upon many countries for crushing apples for cider, for pulverizing ores, and composed of a wheel traveling in a groove or channel, has, among the western

in a certain track around a vertica, axle in China its wheel runs to and fro in a horizontal movement. Chinese lanterns Romans, nor of perforated metal as long since in Europe, nor of glass as is now universal, but of a varnished paper stretched on bamboo frames, sometimes of little cost for the multitude, sometimes of great intrinsic worth and blazoned with titles for the mandarins. The domestic industry of other land, has from the acetic f-rmentation of the placing in water the sea polyp s found along the coasts. The fish culture, so it under a hatching fowl, and, after due

POPULAR SCIENCE.

of the atmosphere is 200 miles from the

earth's surface. row, partly-closed flowers than elsewhere, and a greater proportion of longtongue insects, the flora seeming to be exactly adapted to the insects feeding on its honey.

Professor Osborne Reynolds has been "Do me a great favor. Come and eat trying to discover why, under certain circumstances, drops of water may be seen floating for some time on the surface of pools during a shower before they disappear. He believes that his experiments proved that the suspension our little domestic comedy. Relieve depends only on the purity of the surface of the water, and not at all on the temperature or condition of the air. The results of the experiments of Dr. Lacerdo Filho on the poison of the rattlesnake are: 1. The poison acts upon the blood by destroying the red corpussurprised by the priest's cheerfulness. cles, and by changing the physical and

> poison contains some mobile bodies, similar to the microceccus of putrefaction. 3. The blood of an animal killed by a snake's bite, when inoculated to another animal of the same size and species, causes the death of the latter within a few hours, under the same symptoms and the same changes of the blood. 4. The poison can be dried and preserved for a long time without losing its specific quality. 5. Alcohol is the best antidote for the poison yet known. Frozen salmon have been imported in excellent condition in London from the

Hudson Bay settlements. The vessel was fitted with one of the patent dryair refrigerators, invented by Mr. S. I. Coleman, and manufactured by some Glasgow company. The hold was made air-tight and lined with a non-conducting substance. As soon as the fish were caught, they were deposited in the hold at the rate of about three tons a day, until the compartment, holding thirty-five tons, was filled. The temdegrees and 22 degrees Fahrenheit. This successful experiment is an important one for the fish industry in the United

The Carnage at Fredericksburg. "I was sergeant of a gun which was stationed just there," said an ex Confederate to me as we faced the height. would charge the hill, and when they came the second time we cheered them. Such bravery I never saw on a battlefield. Some of the men who were hit way down the street hobbled and limped forward, and were struck down within one hundred feet of the wall. This road was the worst spectacle of the whole war. Our artillery created horrible slaughter on the heavy lines of men at such close range. That tree down there at the corner of the garden stood in an open field then, and just beyond it was a slight swell. As Sumper's troups came over that swell in their second charge, I fired into the lines just to the right of the tree, and the shell killed or wounded nearly every man in one company. I saw grape and

and dashed at the base of the hill. We thought they were madmen.
"Down where the old shed stands I saw a curious thing that day. When Sumner was driven back the second time a single Federal soldier was left on his feet among the dead there. In-Fogg put his foot into it bodily when | -tead of falling back with the rest he stood there and loaded and fired as ccolly as if at target practice. He wounded one man in my company, killed a corporal further up the hill, wall curves. He fired as many as six shots, being fired at in return by a thousand men; but, as he turned and walked away, our men ceased firing and gave him cheer after cheer .- M. Quad.

and yet the blue lines closed up again

not be my daughter. She is my mother, The Chico (Cal.) Record tells this learned persons have told me that it is to Father Benwell what you said to Mr. while Miss Smith was heard to remark story: A couple of Chinamen, while Chico landing, were attacked by a large snake, which coiled about one of them. The word thimble is derived from The other Chinaman seized a hatchet "Thumb-bell," being at fist thumble and cut the monster to pieces. They and afterward thimble. The little intogether the parts severed, it measured and was first introduced in England forty-three feet and seven inches, and was as large around as a min's leg.